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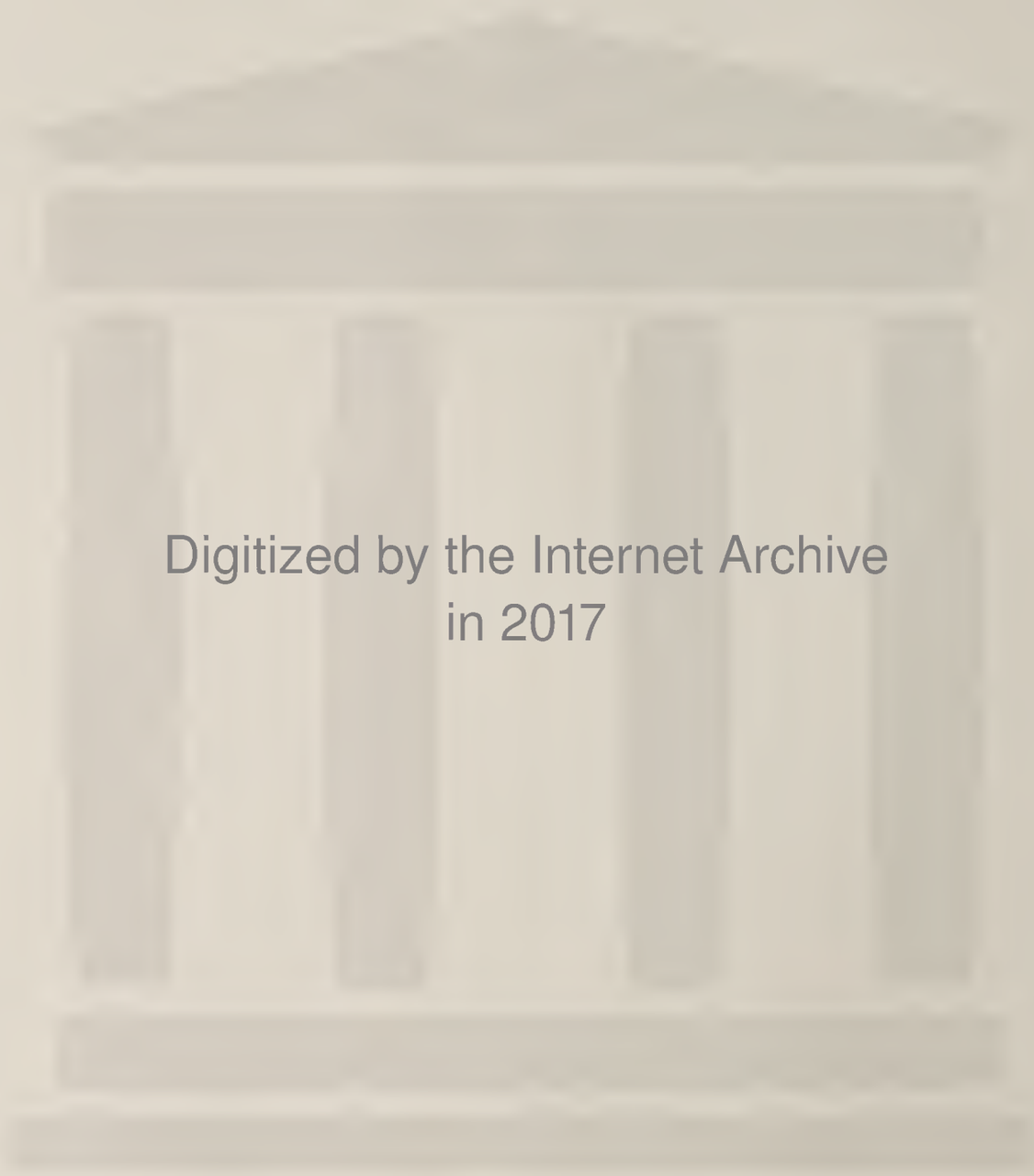

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Men of Affairs in Fort Wayne

REPRINTED FROM THE FORT WAYNE SENTINEL

1907

INTRODUCTION.

THE caricatures in this Album are reprinted from the general series comprised of nearly one hundred of the leading men in mercantile, industrial and professional pursuits in Fort Wayne and published in The Sentinel under the title of "MEN OF AFFAIRS IN FORT WAYNE." To meet a demand for the series assembled in a convenient form this album has been isued by The Sentinel.

JUDGE ROBERT S. TAYLOR.

If Robert S. Taylor hadn't come to Fort Wayne, Fort Wayne probably would have gone to him. Anyway, Fort Wayne doesn't see how it could get along without him and doesn't understand how it ever did. Those people in the United States who don't know of Judge Taylor are the same people who haven't heard of Theodore Roosevelt. As may be inferred Judge Taylor is a lawyer. In fact he is filled with law to the point of saturation. Above picture shows the judge absorbing the law. He knows so much law that when the United States government was looking for a lawyer big enough to knock out the Bell Telephone monopoly Judge Taylor was chosen and he did the job completely, one of the greatest triumphs in patent litigation ever achieved in this country. Judge Taylor is a member of the Mississippi River commission, a position the people along that great waterway will not allow him to quit and from which no president would have the hardihood to dismiss him if for any reason he cared to. Judge Taylor is a citizen of whom Fort Wayne is proud, a pride shared by all the people of Indiana.

MR. HENRY C. PAUL.

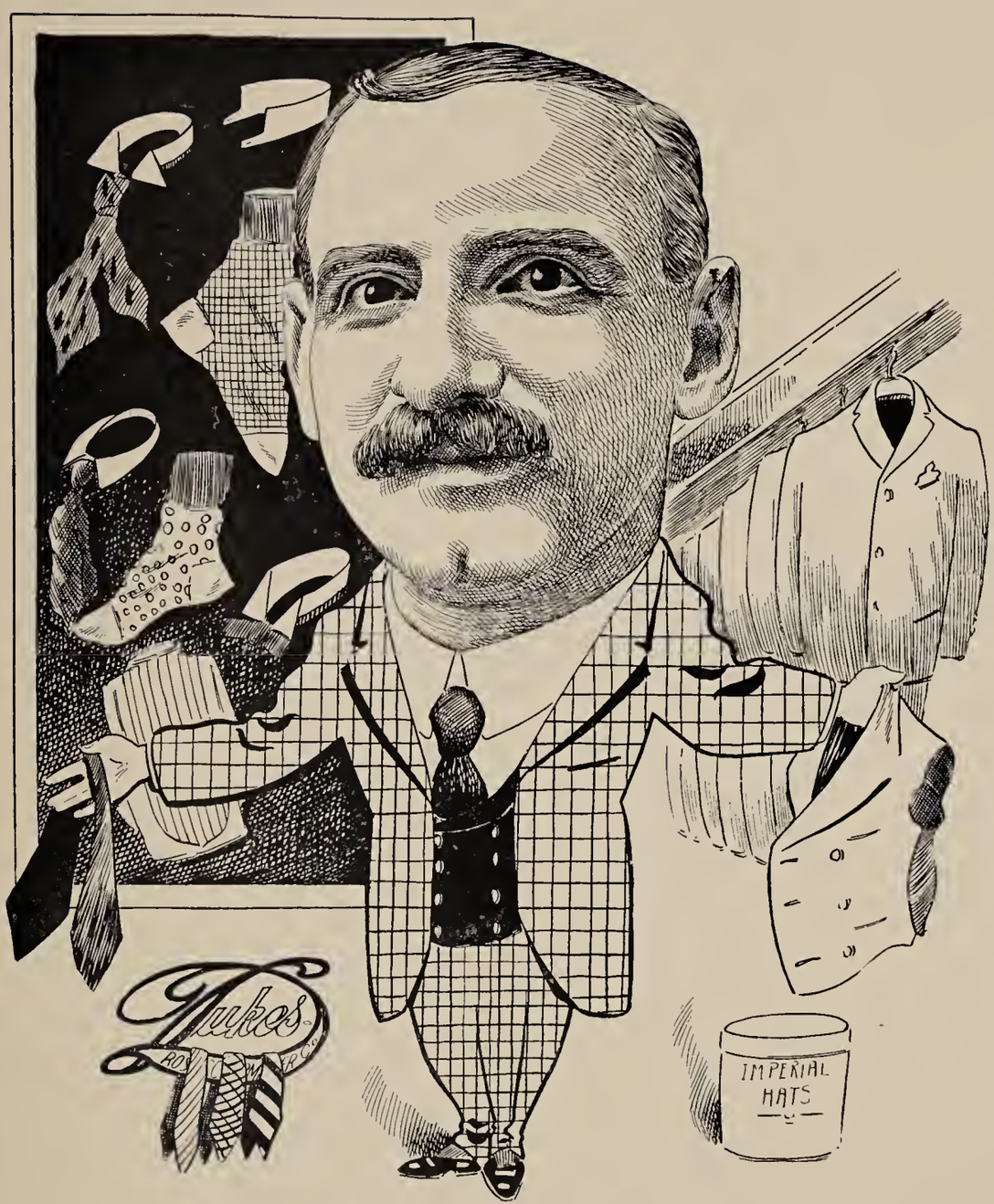
"Many men of many minds,"
Wrote he in his copy-book;
Grew up a man of many kinds—
For proof just take a look.
Perhaps Fort Wayne could get along
Without her H. C. Paul;
But then Big Things would sure go wrong—
H. C. helps run 'em all.

MR. CHARLES G. PAPE.

Charlie has some fancy hens; likewise some fancy roosters;
Of fancy poultry raising he's chief of all the boosters.
And all the hens love Charlie so it makes the roosters jealous;
He feeds them so and pets them, oh! he certainly is zealous.
When Charlie isn't incubating choice and fuzzy chicks,
He's fashioning devices to play the wind some tricks.
In every clime beneath the sun his aerial engines reel,
Which shows man may get there even if he have a wheel.

MR. MAX J. BLITZ.

His business is with smoke and fire,
For you he's every comfort got;
He wards from you disaster dire,
Or gives you solace on the spot.



MR. MARX DUKES.

Would you be the mould of form, would you be the glass of fashion.
To flock with the swell dressers and the boulevards cut a dash on?
Then 'tis Dukes you must consult and by him be shown the way.
He's the expert and a fixture,
The real, original "mixture,"
And knows just what the mode is up to the very day.

MR. JOHN F. SCHWEGMAN.

When the snowflakes fall and the winds go wh-oo
And your water pipes burst and your steampipes, too,
Then you want to get a plumber who knows what he's about,
Or Jack Frost'll git you,
Ef
You
Don't
Watch
Out.

MR. FRANK H. KLEEKAMP.

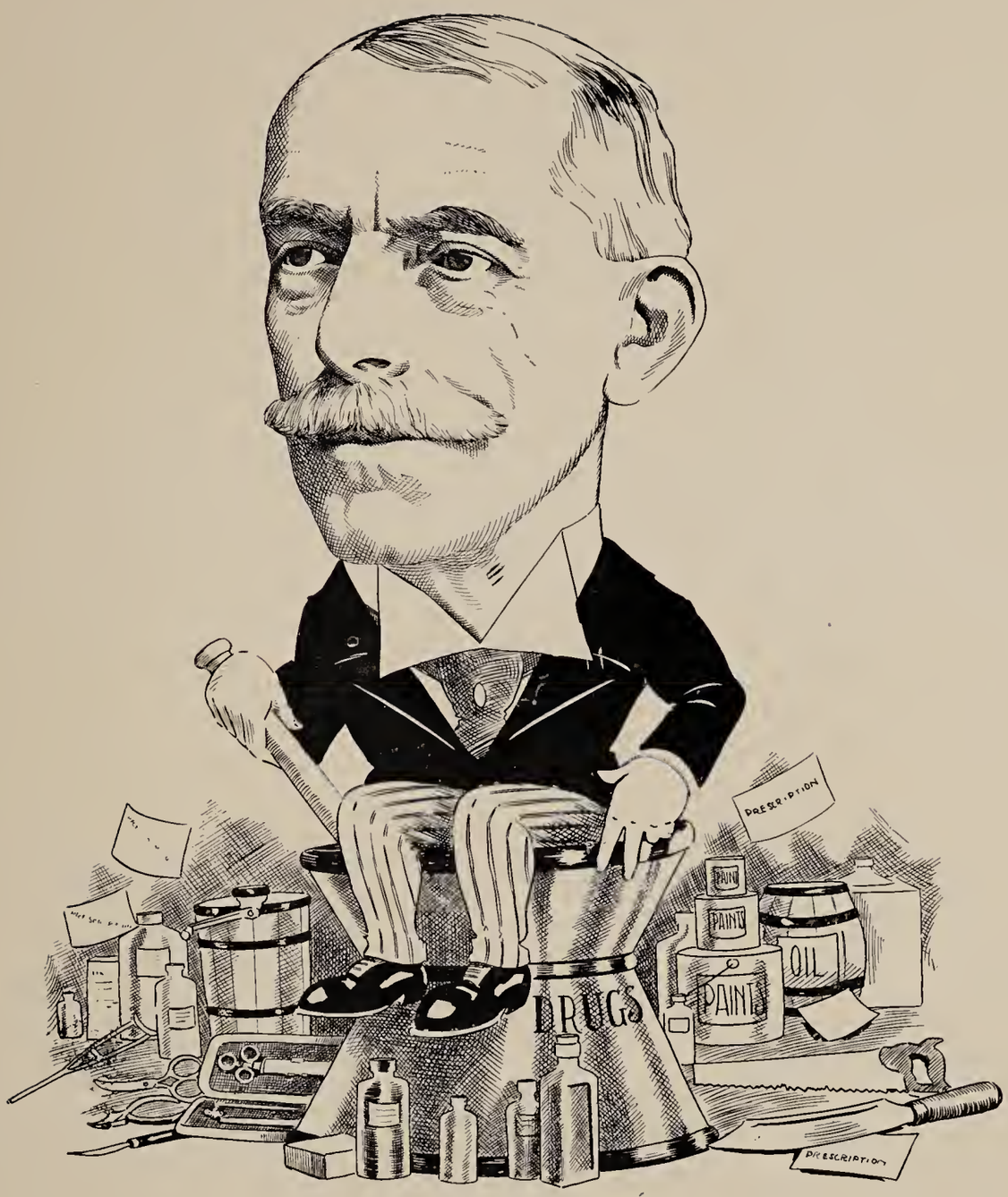
'Tis a mighty safe pony that Kleekamp bestrides
And more than an amble is the speed that he rides.
When he starts down the road there can nothing dismay;
He's the boy for the business when you want right of way.

MR. GEORGE J. PARROT.

Between the trade of picture-taking
And the art of picture-making
There's difference significant and striking;
Here's an artist camera man
And it's positive he can
Make a likeness absolutely to your liking.

MR. FAY P. RANDALL.

Stocks and bonds with the gilded edge,
Investments galore with the useful per cent,
For an easy flight your wings will fledge
If to your affairs his service is lent.



MR. WILLIAM H. DREIER.

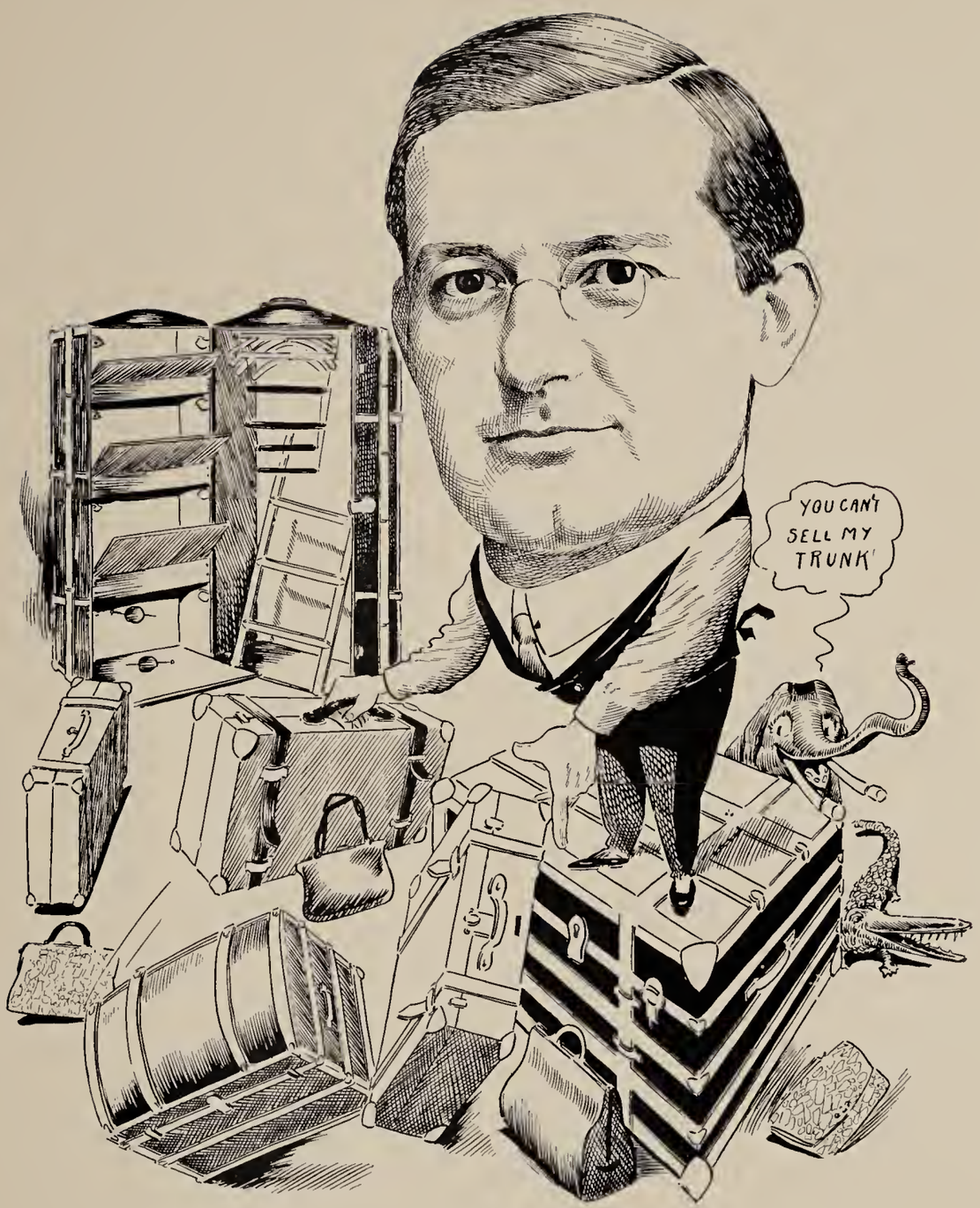
A friend in need's a friend, indeed, and here is one for you;
He has healing for all human ills, no matter what you do.
For every ache he has a balm, for every pain relief—
In short, the way he gives solace is quite beyond belief.

MR. A. M. TYLER.

Behold the jolly Boniface, the wayfarer's good host,
Who loves the weary traveler just as himself, almost.
To dispense the creature comforts is joy unto his heart
And who takes Tyler for his host will be most loath to part.

MR. WILLIAM B. BRADY

Talk about your hot stuff, this is it we guess.
Is he the real roadmaker? Only answer's yes.
He's the goods in wholesale package—never can be beat;
No doubt at all about the job when Brady lays the street.



MR. LEO J. ALERDING.

When you travel, when you journey, when you have the wanderlust,
See the man at the trunk store— in very fact you must.
He will make your journey pleasant, he will fit you out just right
With a traveling companion to be with you day and night.

MR. CHARLES R. WEATHERHOGG.

Well. well, look who's here! And just see what he's got!
Eyes have strained a-lookin' for a Johnnie and the spot.
Here's the builder of the big things—'nough to make you say well, well,
With Charlie totin' round the plans for that new grand h'otel.

MR. M. J. MARTTENE.

Who hath no music in himself nor by sweet sounds is thrilled,
Is very bad, so Shakespeare said, his soul with evil filled.
Here is a man whose soul's attuned to harmonies divine—
Marttene's instruments and terms are concordantly in line.

MR. FREMONT L. JONES.

The fastidious dresser, he huffs and he puffs
At the state of his collars and eke of his cuffs.
If his wisdom matched taste, why, then he'd find joy
And have all his linen done up at the Troy.

MR. GEORGE F. TRIER.

Oh will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Instructions terpsichorean, though, will much your joys enhance.
You should know the steps correctly and be up in manners, too,
And the master in the picture can teach you the very thing to do.

MR. HENRY PFEIFFER.

Here's a man with the hoe who's not in despair,
But cheerful and useful he's mighty glad of it.
He's serving a part in a deal that is square—
A good thing and he's happy to shove it.

MR. E. H. MERRITT.

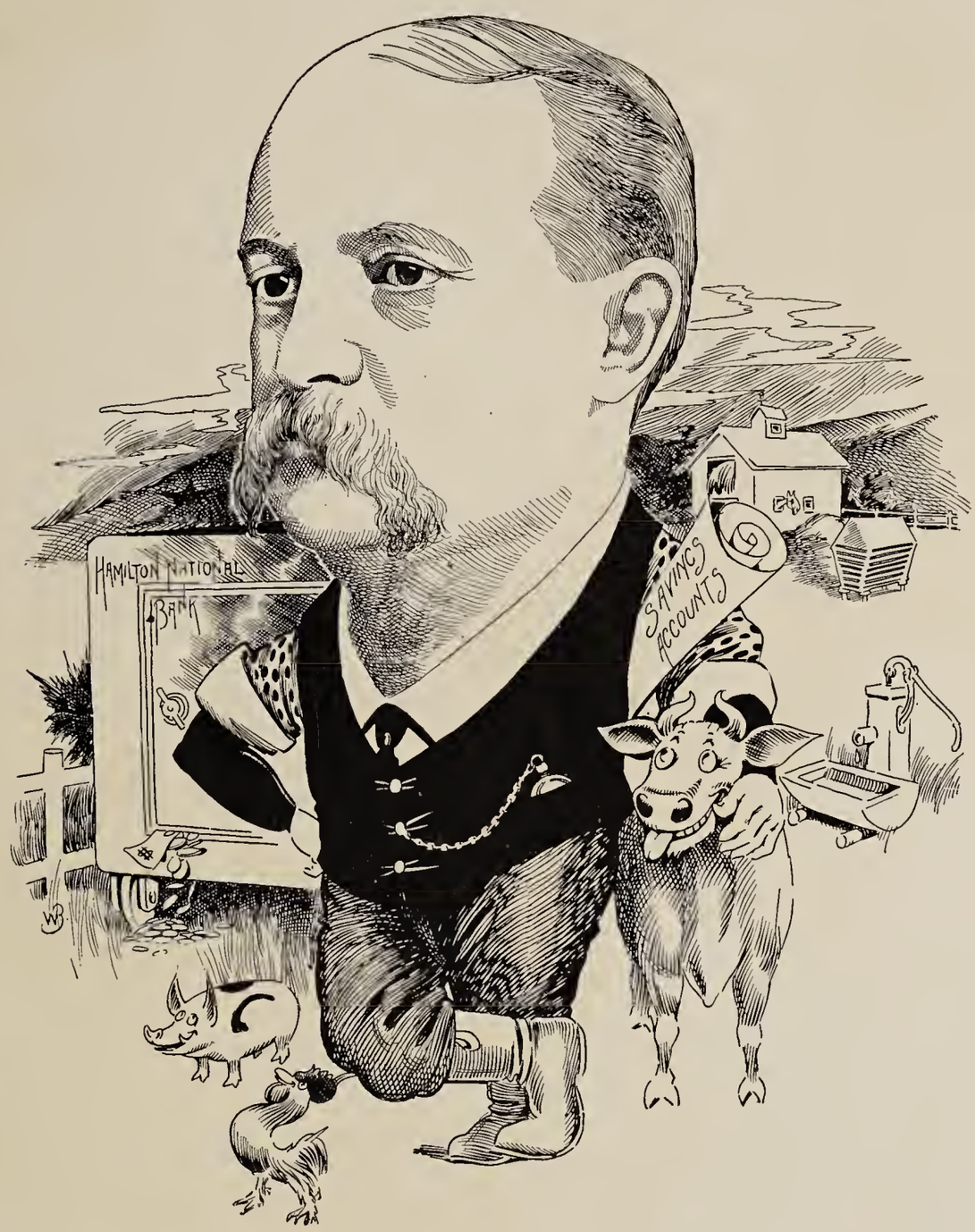
Here is the busy man, mighty useful, too;
Head of some big things that may be guarding you.
No family doctor fenceless, no business man unarmed.
Ready to the rescue when clients have been harmed.

MR. CHARLES E. MOELLERING.

Here's the man on the job, the boss of the work,
Be it sidewalk or pavement or sewer;
Always hard at it, you'll ne'er see him shirk,
With a contract he'll go at it and do 'er.

JUDGE OWEN N. HEATON.

Dame Justice and Dame Fortune were rivals for his smile,
And Dame Justice had the inside track for just a little while.
Like a Daniel come to judgment he sat in the judgment seat,
And he knew the law like a Moses and his wisdom had Solomon's beat.
Then came flirtatious Fortune and from Justice wooed him away
To become a priest in the temple where Fortune holds her sway,
And there he sits in judgment again, boss of a beneficent trust
That the law can't gainsay and no Roosevelt has will or power to bust.



HON. CHARLES M'CULLOCH.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
He goes to seek surcease from counting money;
It's him to the joys of the simple life—
He's the owner of a land of milk and honey.

MR. CHARLES W. ORR.

This is not brave Horatius who once kept the bridge
in the strenuous days of old Rome,
But the man who is showing the way to the crowd
wards want from many a home.
He has long kept this bridge and is onto the job
and longer expects to stick to it.
He can make it full plain that who sidesteps the rush
may leave all his dear ones to rue it.

MR. A. T. VAIL.

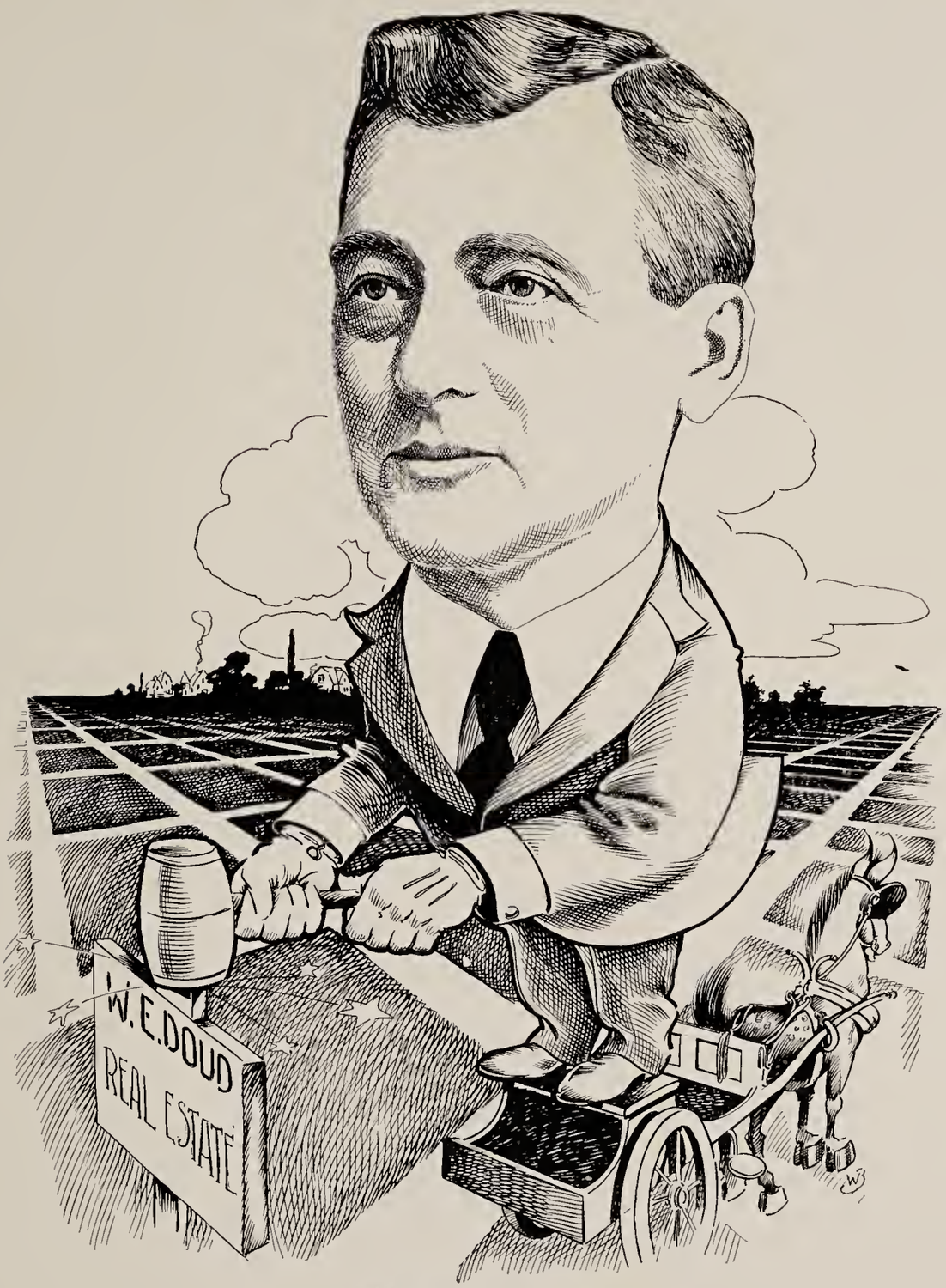
When a man has made his "barrel" 'tis supposed he should retire;
Vail has made about a million and the number's getting higher.
He coopers for the country and with his hoops and staves
He fashions quite the barrel that connoisseur craves.

MR. JOHN WILDING.

Behold the useful printer man, who fits you out with blanks and books.
And everything that's up-to-date in modern business turns and crooks.
A mighty handy man is he, with common sense and tasteful eye—
His office system's wrong, indeed, who passes Wilding's helpers by.

MR. WILLIAM M. GRIFFIN.

Here's a gentleman who's busy with all his main and might,
And he's at it every workday from the dawn till candle light;
The world's his field of action, all the earth is his domain;
Where the post-stamp carries business there's a province for his gain.



MR. W. E. DOUD.

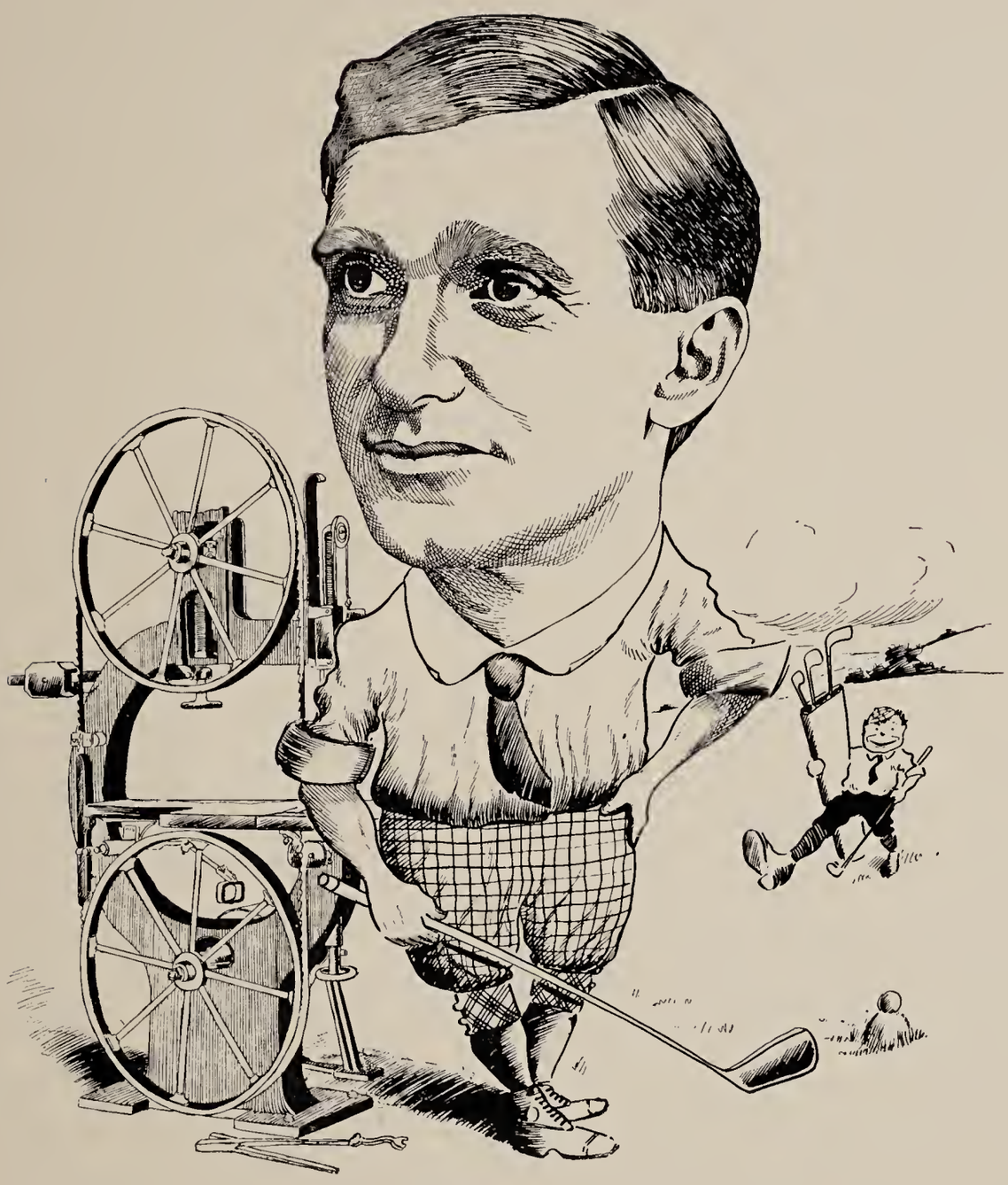
Here is a man who can almost be called
The father of Greater Fort Wayne.
He's expanded the town and never has stalled
In his plans for great suburban gain.
Lots he has platted and divisions laid out
From the center on out to the rim;
If you're buying or selling, know what you're about--
Be wise and don't overlook him.

MR. CHARLES M. MENEFEE.

If you want the up-to-date, if you want the latest thing,
If you're out to find the very best that's going,
When you come to build your nest, let wisdom to you bring
The brand of stuff the picture man is showing.

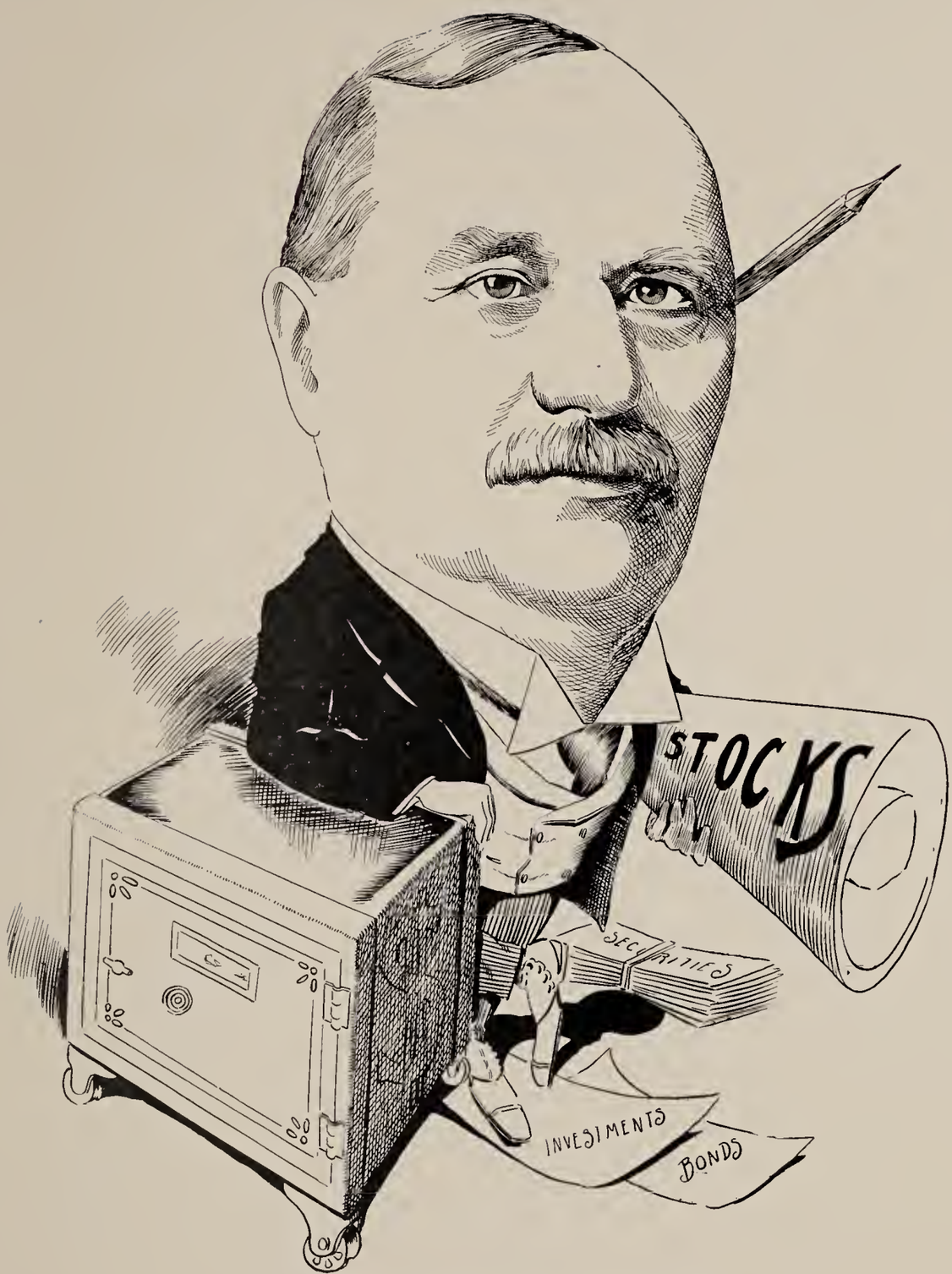
MR. ARTHUR F. HALL.

Many years ago Lincoln showed his might
By emancipating slaves, because he know 'twas right;
Now, the widow here today, left with poverty and grief,
Finds her Lincoln life insurance a haven and relief.



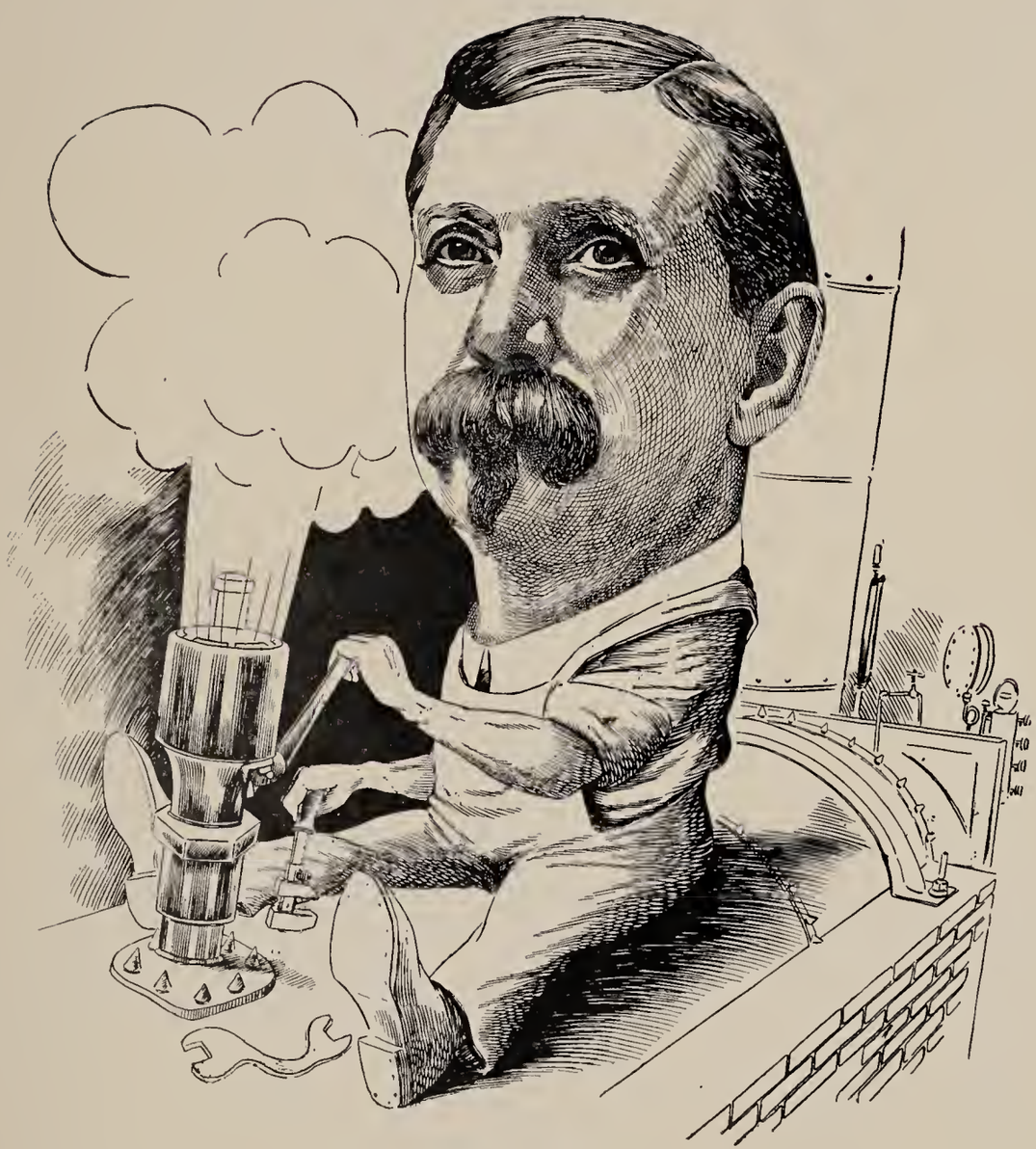
MR. SAMUEL D. HANNA.

But one pair of hobbies has Sammy to ride,
And which he rides most would be hard to decide.
He don't really ride 'em, as every one knows,
And just how he rides double this sketch will disclose.



MR. CHARLES F. PFEIFFER.

Put you on the ground floor where the bargains roost;
Just the man to steer you, just the man to boost.
Gilt-edged things that pay per cent are mighty nice to own,
And if you're from Missouri, call and you'll be shown.

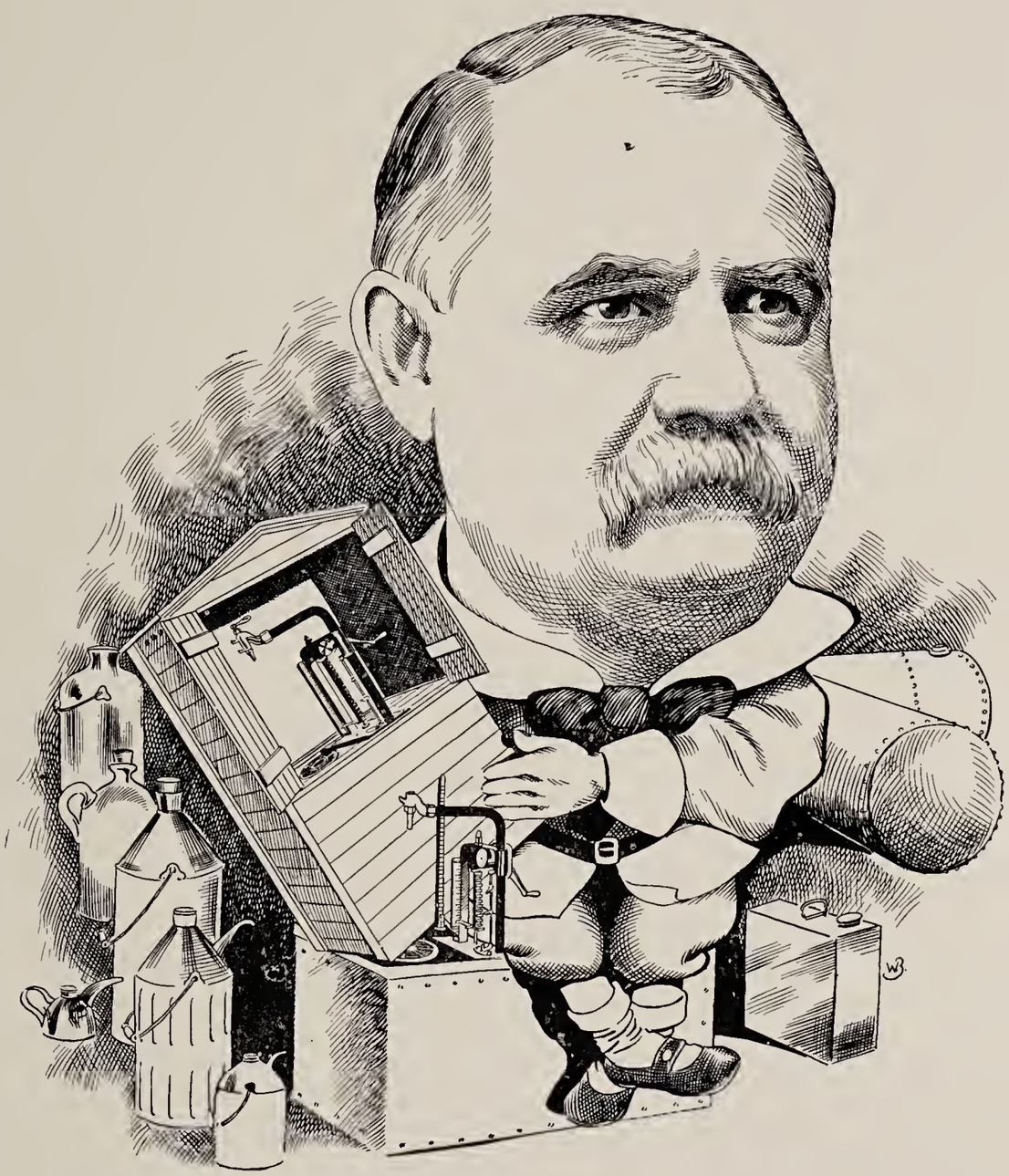


MR. E. B. KUNKLE.

Most commonly a boiler is mighty hard to trust;
Without the proper gearing it is awful apt to bust,
But a Kunkle valve will tame 'em, make 'em gentle like and mild,
Till they're wholly safe for ladies and are docile to a child.

MR. JAMES E. SCROGGY.

Lucky, sure, is the man who runs for high goals
If his running be done on the right kind of soles.
There's a kind that will serve you and help you along;
See Scroggy; he's got 'em, and he won't steer you wrong.



MR. S. F. BOWSER.

Oh, here's the champion tanker and he's tanking all the world;
In every clime, in every land his banner is unfurled.
The diagram above will show the latest thing in tanks—
To be au fait must be equipped with scales and cogs and cranks.

MR. ABRAHAM WEIL.

He's very fond of mutton, but he likes the outside best,
And when he has got hold of that he leaves the sheep the rest.
Also for many other beasts he has a fancy fair,
But he has no use for Bruin till he is a Teddy bare.

MR. SAM WOLF.

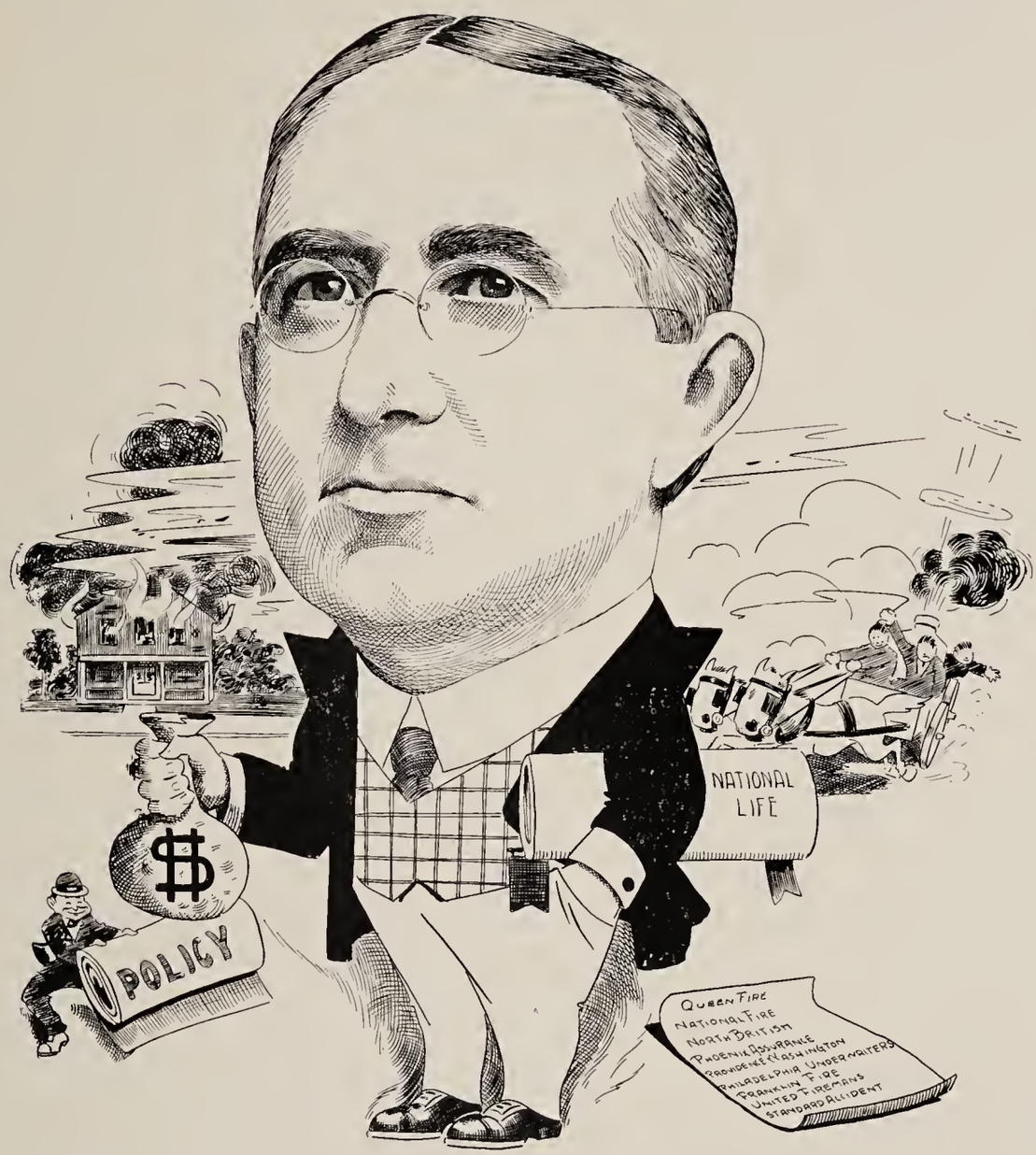
This isn't a new case of nature-faking;
It's his name and well it stands where he is known.
He's the front end of a firm that has been taking
Pains to show the people, for they must be shown.
On his face he always wears the smile he's wearing,
He is always grace and ease personified,
He will welcome you with every courtly bearing
And to patrons he's philosopher and guide.

HON. WILLIAM P. BREEN, LL. D.

Just above is Dr. Breen. Ain't he handsome and serene?
Without draughts and without pills
He can cure you of your ills—
With the Law, for he's a lawyer A to Z.
And out upon the greens there's no skill as fine as Breen's—
He's a golfer and knows golfing to a Tee.

MR. EDWARD WHITE.

Don't get from this the notion that he peddles on the street;
In his store he keeps all things to wear and everything to eat.
Among Fort Wayne's emporiums it ranks up at the head;
And the White shown in the picture is the one we all call "Ed."



MR. CHARLES B. FITCH.

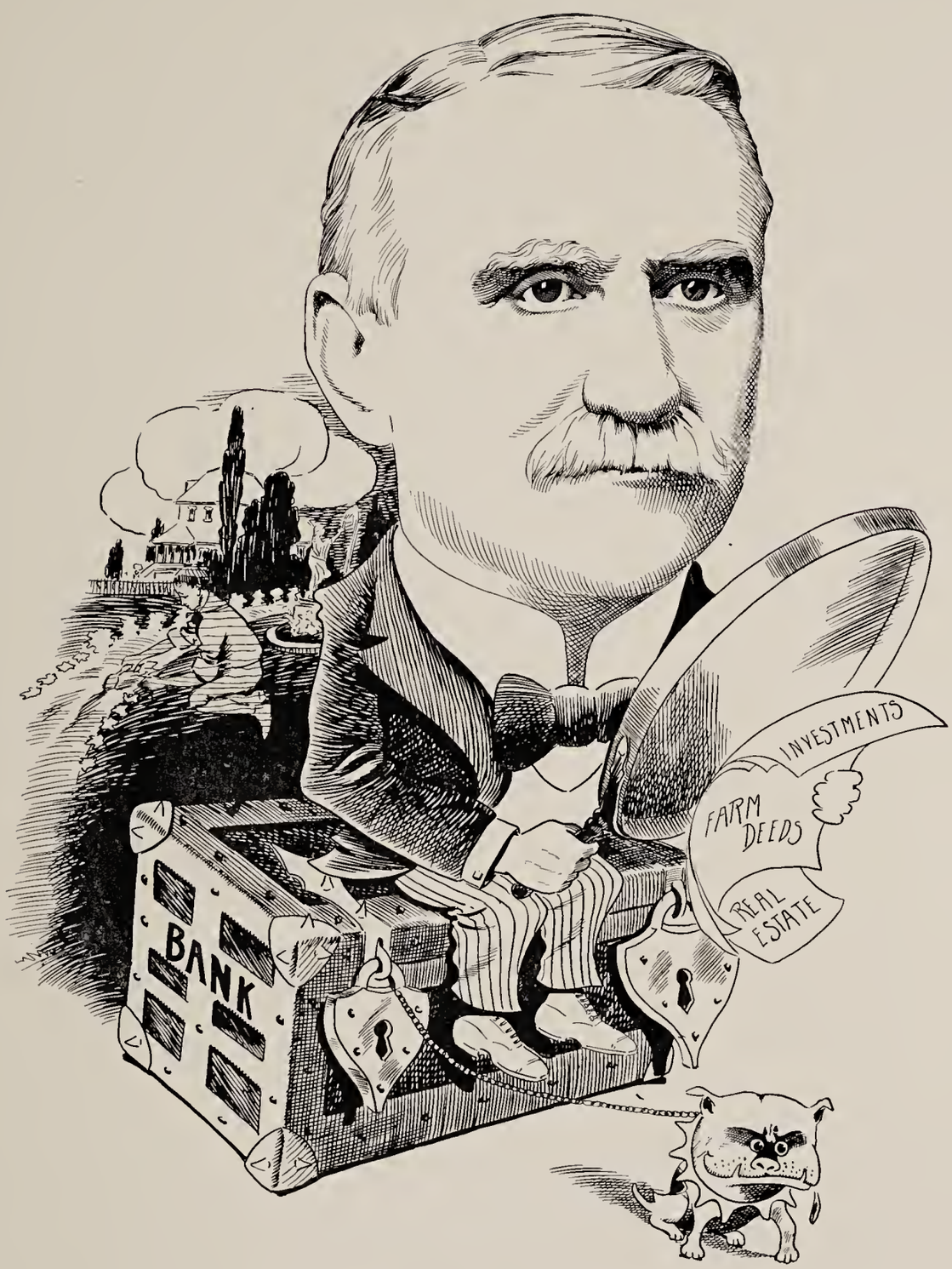
Honesty's a policy the proverb says is best
And no one can deny it, no one will;
But Charlie has policies to quiet your unrest—
For every risk they fully fill the bill.

MR. HARRY P. FLETCHER.

Harry is a gentleman, a walking fashion-plate;
He's groomed up to the minute for early or for late.
He'll dress you up just like himself and make you wear that smile.
On modes and fashions he is it—the real noise for male style.

MR. HENRY W. MEYER.

When Jack built his house he was in bad
By starting the thing his own way,
And the trouble it bred was indeed sad—
No excuse for that in this day.
You want plans and a man to look to 'em
And here is the man who will do,
For Architect Meyer—in his line there's none higher—
Will be joyed if of service to you.



MR. OLIVER S. HANNA.

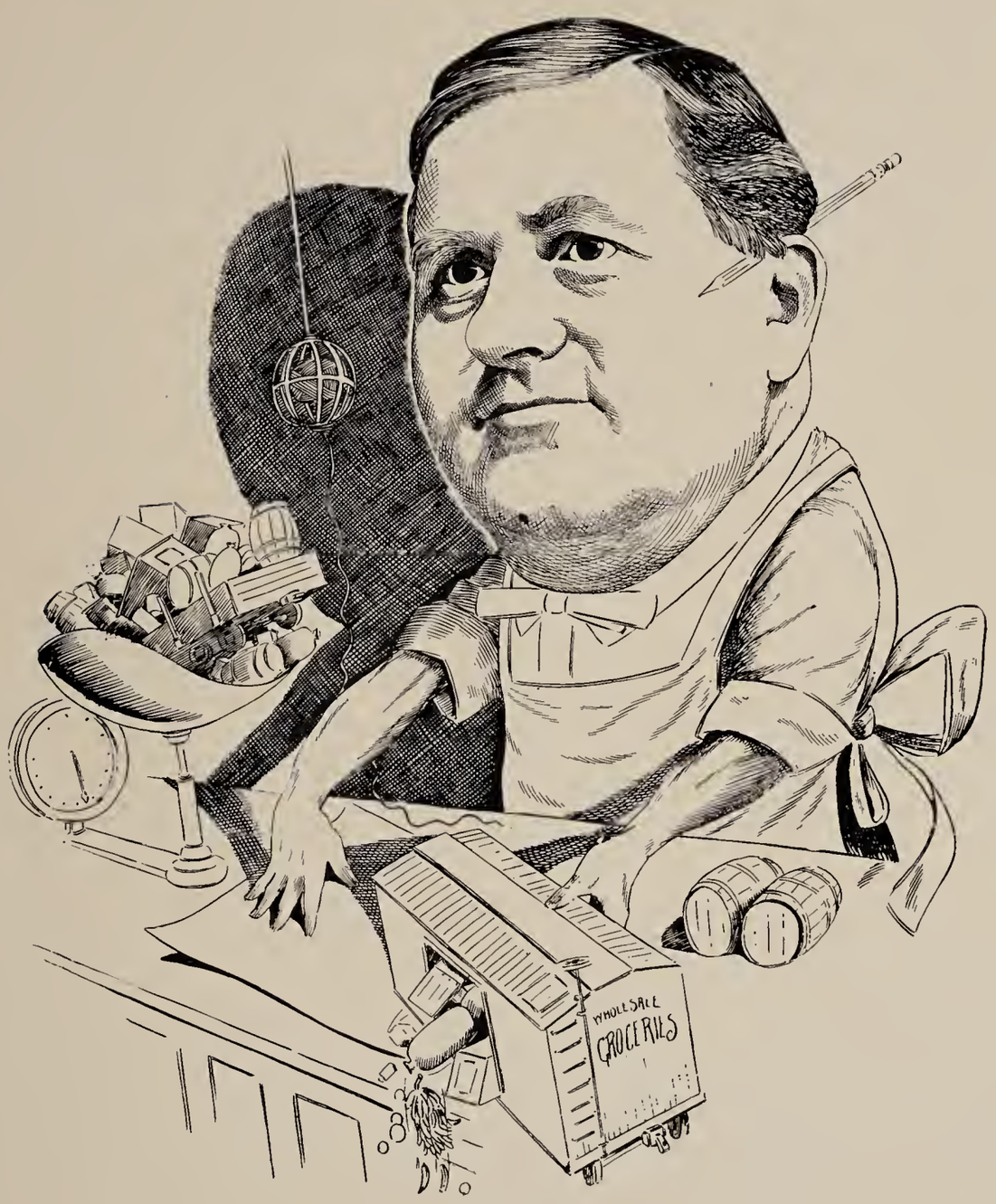
This "man on the box" is not the hero of any cheap romance;
He can promptly raise you money and he also raises plants.
In either line he is expert, as known around the town;
And while his plants are always up, his money's always down.

MR. J. M. E. RIEDEL.

Has built many a church with sky-piercing steeple,
To answer the needs of a worshipping people;
From east to the west, all over the land,
This architect's talents are much in demand.

MR. JOHN F. WING.

Here is a man who will draw you a plan
Of anything architectural;
He's been a success and that tells it I guess,
In a fashion not conjectural.



MR. FRANK P. WILT.

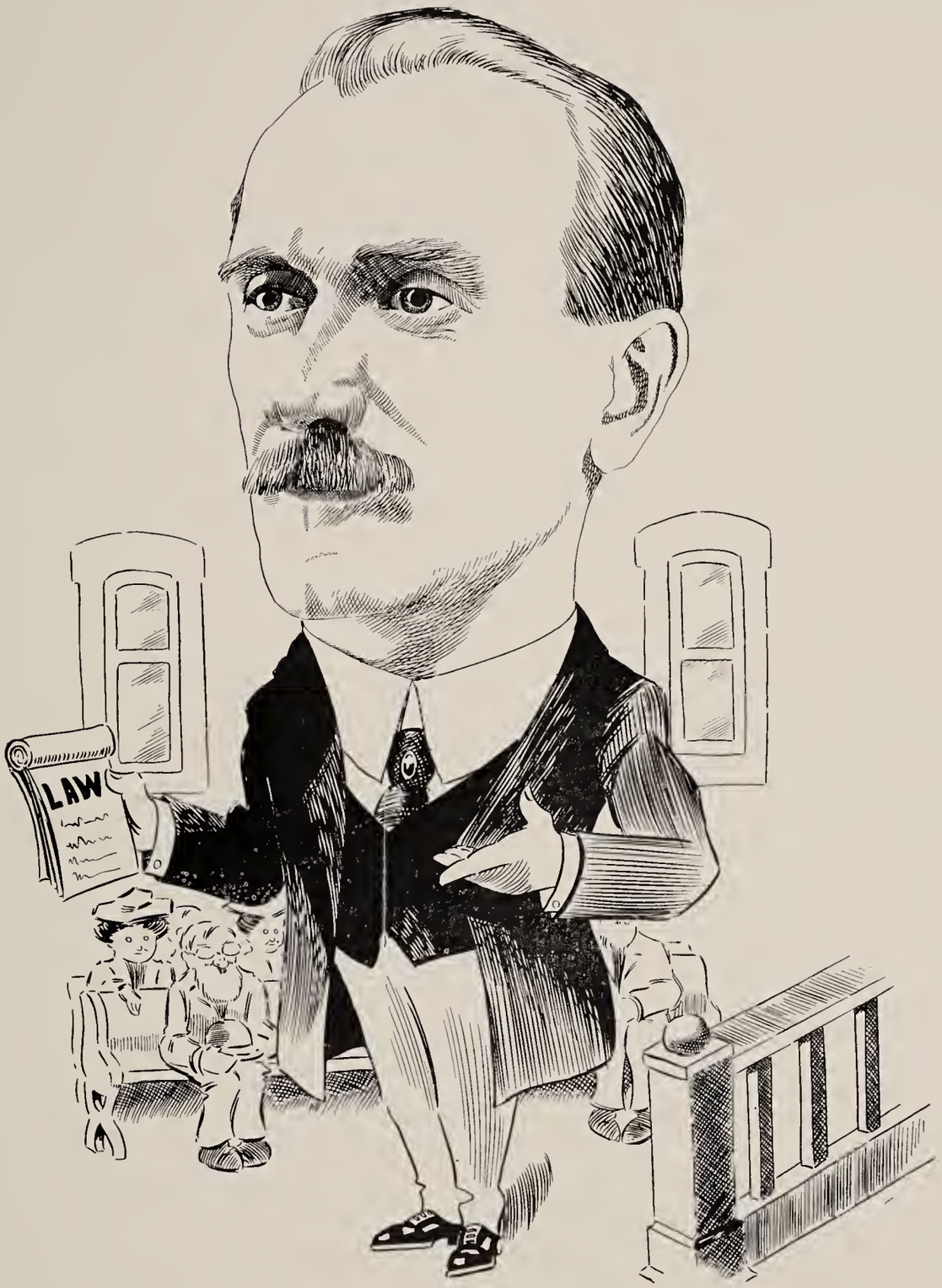
Could almost grubstake the whole blamed nation
With everything that's fit to eat from over all creation.
Bully commissary man and never melanchoiy.
As a business, putting fat on folks must be rather jolly.

MR. JAMES F. CONWAY.

The widows have a smile for him,
Their children give him praise;
The reason's very plain to see—
He glorifies their days.

MR. JOHN MORRIS.

Among his books he loves to sit;
He takes each tome and cons it o'er,
And when he knows the whole of it
Absorbs another to learn some more.
From Coke to Blackstone, from him to Kent,
He knows the law like A, B, C's,
In him are mind and learning blent—
Could wear the ermine with grace and ease.



HON. SOL A. WOOD.

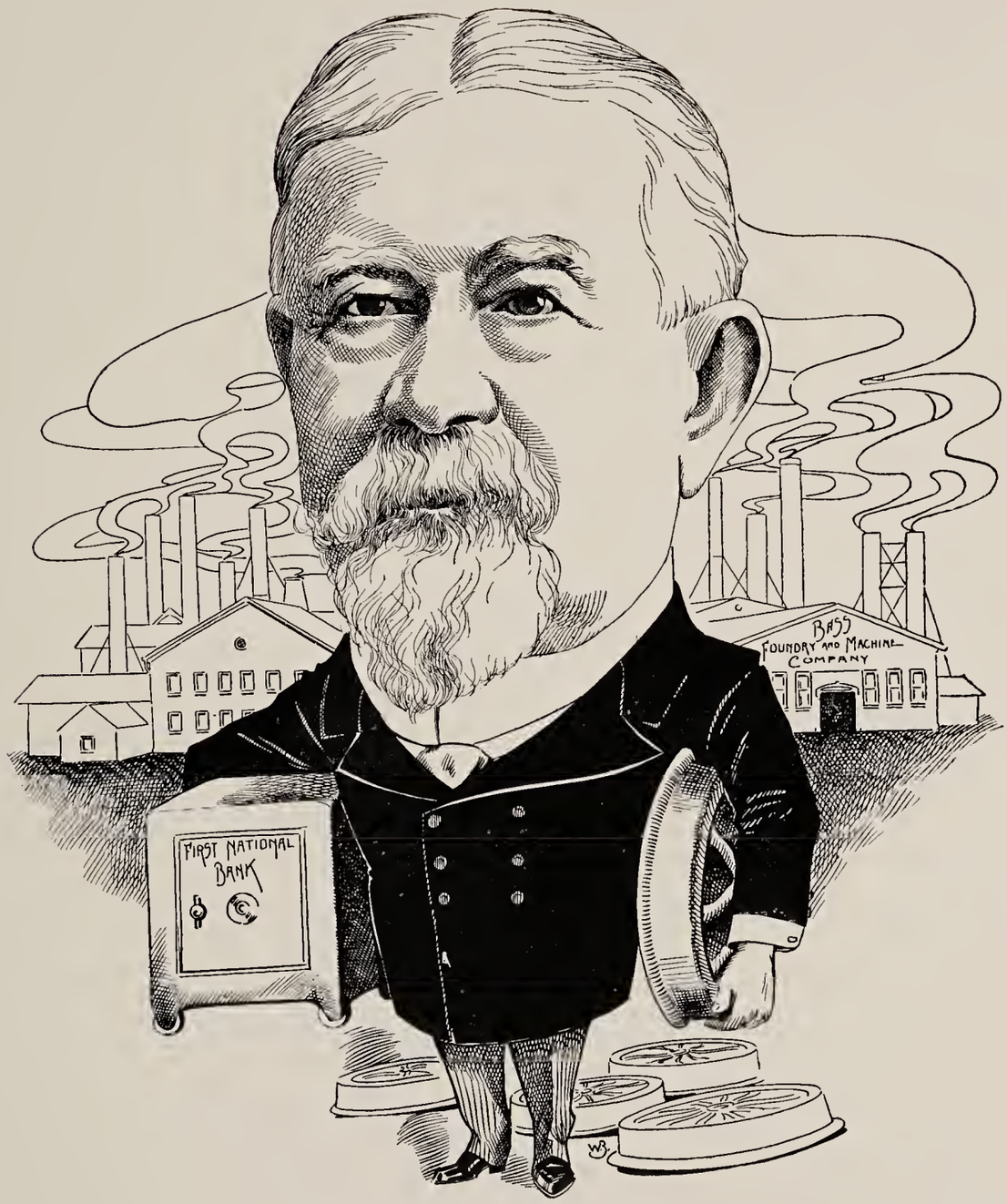
He's a referee, yes, a referee, but he settles no prize-fight bets.
He sits in a court where the debtors come with no coin to pay their debts.
He knows his job and the rules of the game; he always umpires fair.
When you get dead broke and owe a lot, the referee can put you square.

MR. ROBERT W. T. DEWALD.

This is the man who delivers the goods
All wool and full a yard wide—
Though sometimes they're wider and woollier, too—
The square deal is his pet and his pride.
While he knows well the business to which he was bred
He stands pat on a side line or so,
And for finance not frenzied he has a strong hand,
To help make the bank business go.

MR. LOUIS F. CURDES.

He will take you by the hand, show you the promised land,
And fix you up an acre tract or just a city lot.
He is noted as a pusher, and soon expects to usher
In a thing we need the most, for he's Johnny-on-the-Spot.

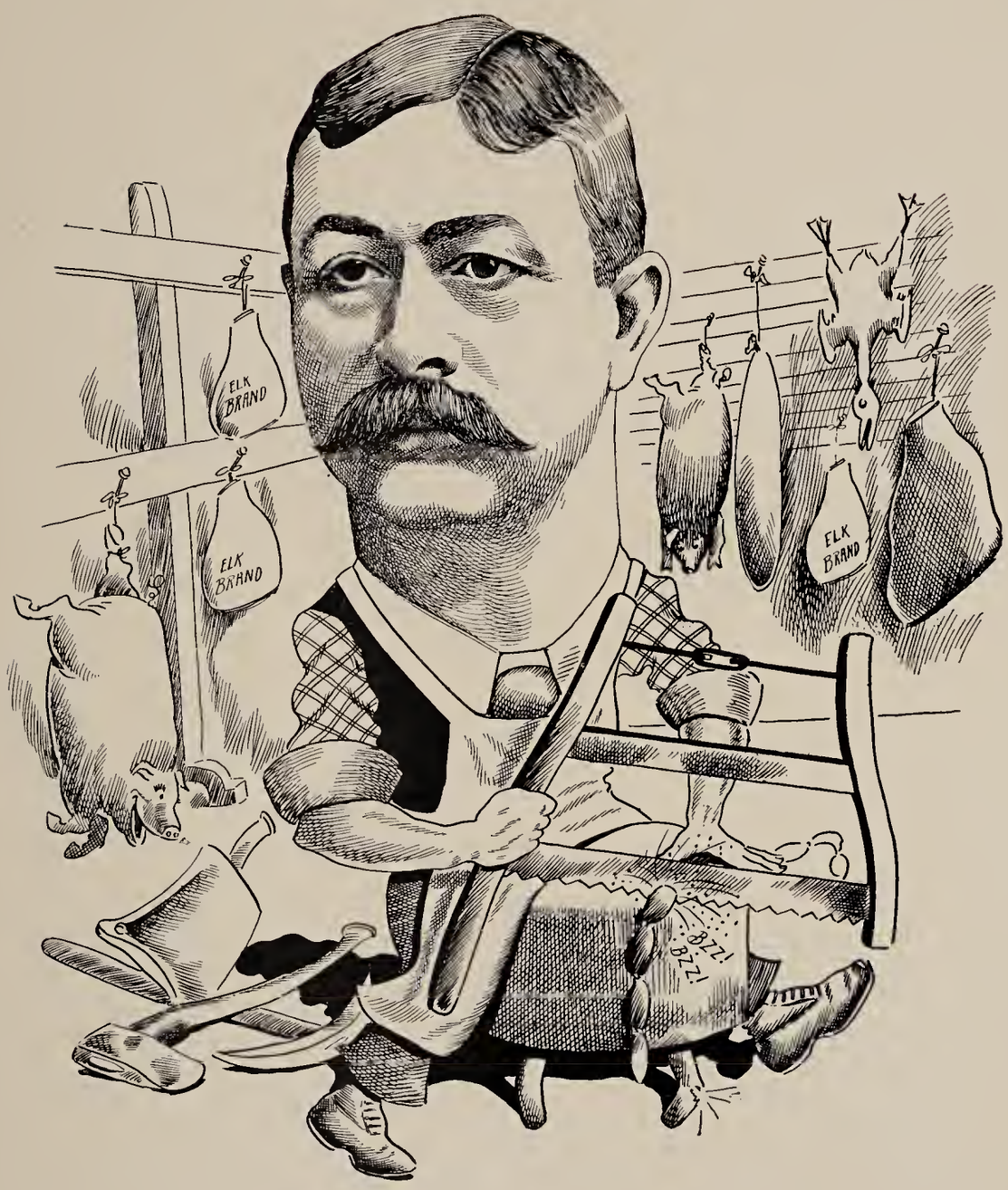


MR. JOHN H. BASS.

Bank and foundry his work,
Brookside his pleasure;
Fort Wayne proud of both
In unstinted measure.

MR. ROBERT MILLARD.

The man behind the gun has had his say in tale and song,
But here's a man behind the box who pushes things along.
He does things large and handsome for those who have to eat;
To a multitude he caters in a fashion that's complete.
His other business is to make the town of Fort Wayne boom;
All he needs is opportunity and a few square miles of room.
When he's gone there may be some one who is fit to take his place;
If there is, he'll have to qualify in Bob Millard's progress race.



MR. FRED ECKART.

Fred is a good feeder and he feeds most every one
Around this town and other towns where real good feeding's done.
When it comes to fancy toothsomeness of almost any kind,
The Eckart brand will fill the bill, as you will always find.

MR. COONEY BAYER.

You may travel and may search the world both wide and far
For an equal to the solace found in a good cigar.
And Cooney is chief agent for my Lady Nicotine;
And his stock is real Havana, his leading brand the queen.

MR. MONROE W. FITCH.

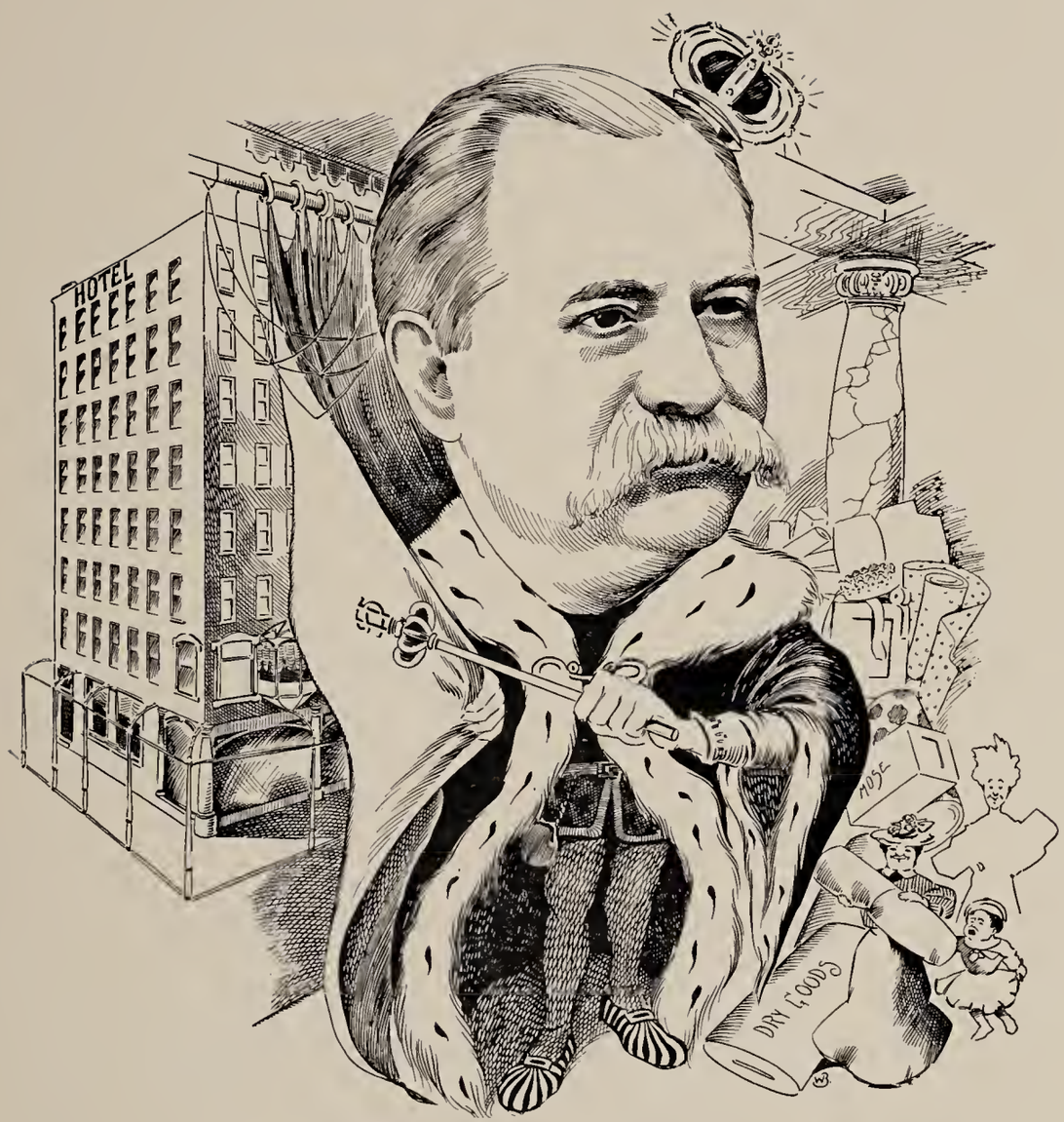
There is a man, he has two sons—a great team make the three,
And for hustling and for doing things their like can hardly be.
They sell the earth in lots to suit, insure all things upon it.
Success is theirs, it ought to be, for surely they have won it.

MR. GUSTAV W. BOERGER.

Here's a real highflyer, but not among the "boys,"
Nor is he what you'd call an aeronaut;
But he hovers o'er the city and he scatters many joys,
Where destruction by the flame-fiend has been wrought.

JUDGE ROBERT B. DREIBELBISS.

He knows to a trifle the laws of the land
And likewise the laws of supply and demand.
A man for the bench he'll gladly supply,
And as for the demand there's a plain reason why.
He's upright, courageous, has temper judicial,—
In short he's good style for a high court official.



MR. E. C. RURODE.

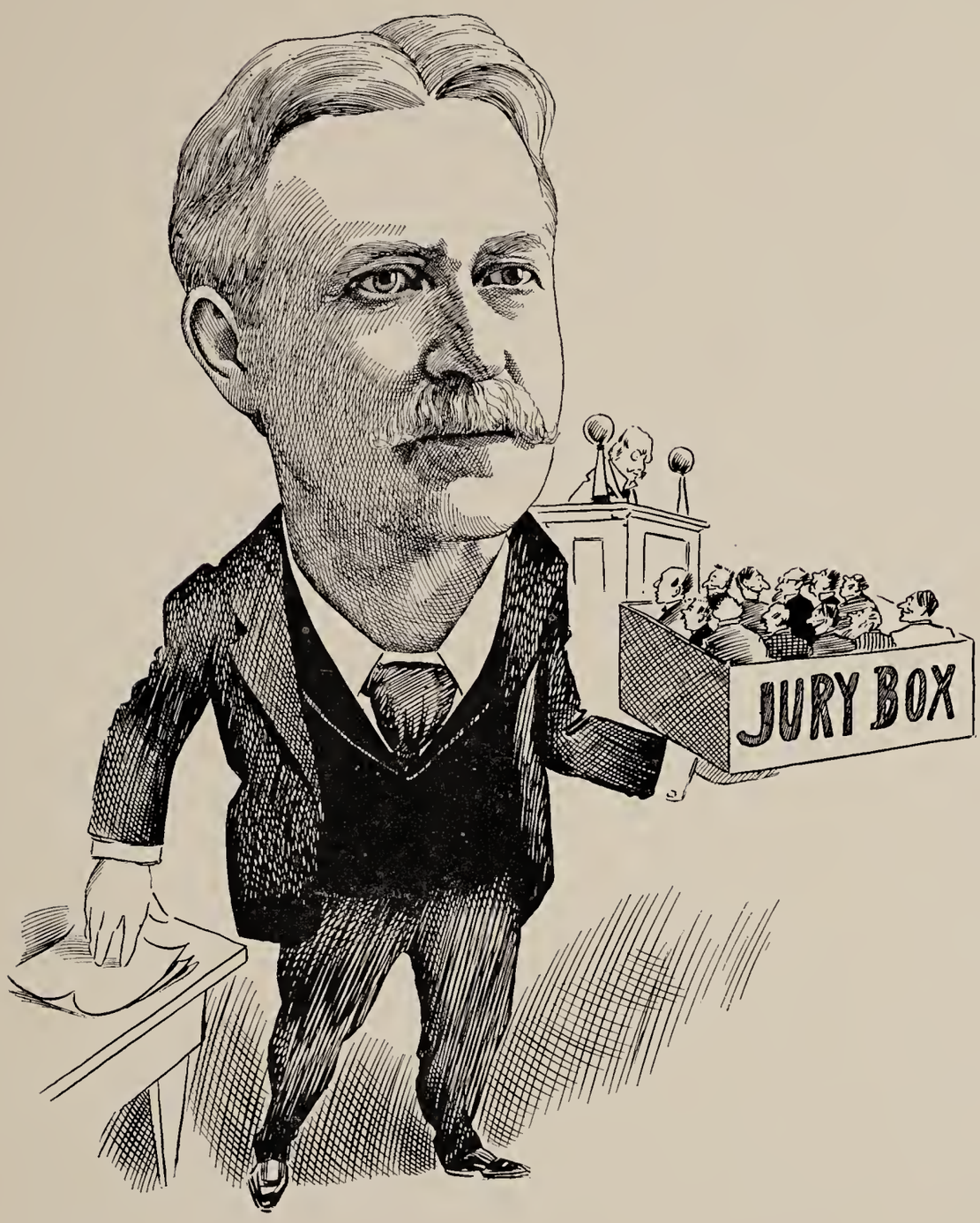
He is a prince of merchants and of good fellows, too;
He is a solid citizen and business through and through.
Just watch him draw the curtain on something new and fine,
That's enlisted hearty enterprise with everyone in line.

MR. WILLIAM K. NOBLE.

To make his "barrel" quickly would be every man's delight;
The maker in the picture makes them wholesale, also tight.
Though he hammers he's no knocker; he pushes with the rest,
He's a builder of the big things with which his town is blessed.

MR. A. L. RANDALL.

Ho, for the knight of the gasoline car that rounds, out the full joy of living,
And ho! for the car with its beauty and speed and the wealth of the pleasure it's giving.
He's a tamer of racers, of speeders a driver, and both safe and sane is his motto,
When looking about just keep him in mind—for Larry's the king of the auto.



JUDGE SAMUEL R. ALDEN.

Young John to whom Priscilla proposed
Bears ancestral relations to him,
And should be proud of it, though in this day
Far and hazy seems the Mayflower pilgrim.
But as John was a pleader so also's the judge;
For others his voice can draw tears.
With a jury box full and a court to umpire,
It's a cinch that his client he clears.

MR. O. N. GULDLIN.

Liberty may fancy that with her torch she's it;
That with her flame she lights the world around;
'Tis a sentimental fiction that has simply made a hit—
The real lighter in this picture may be found.
Devices to illumine with a light that rivals suns,
Or to heat with fire that's hotter than below,
All come within the line to which his genius runs;
And there's joy where 'er his gaslight has its glow.

MR. E. G. HOFFMAN.

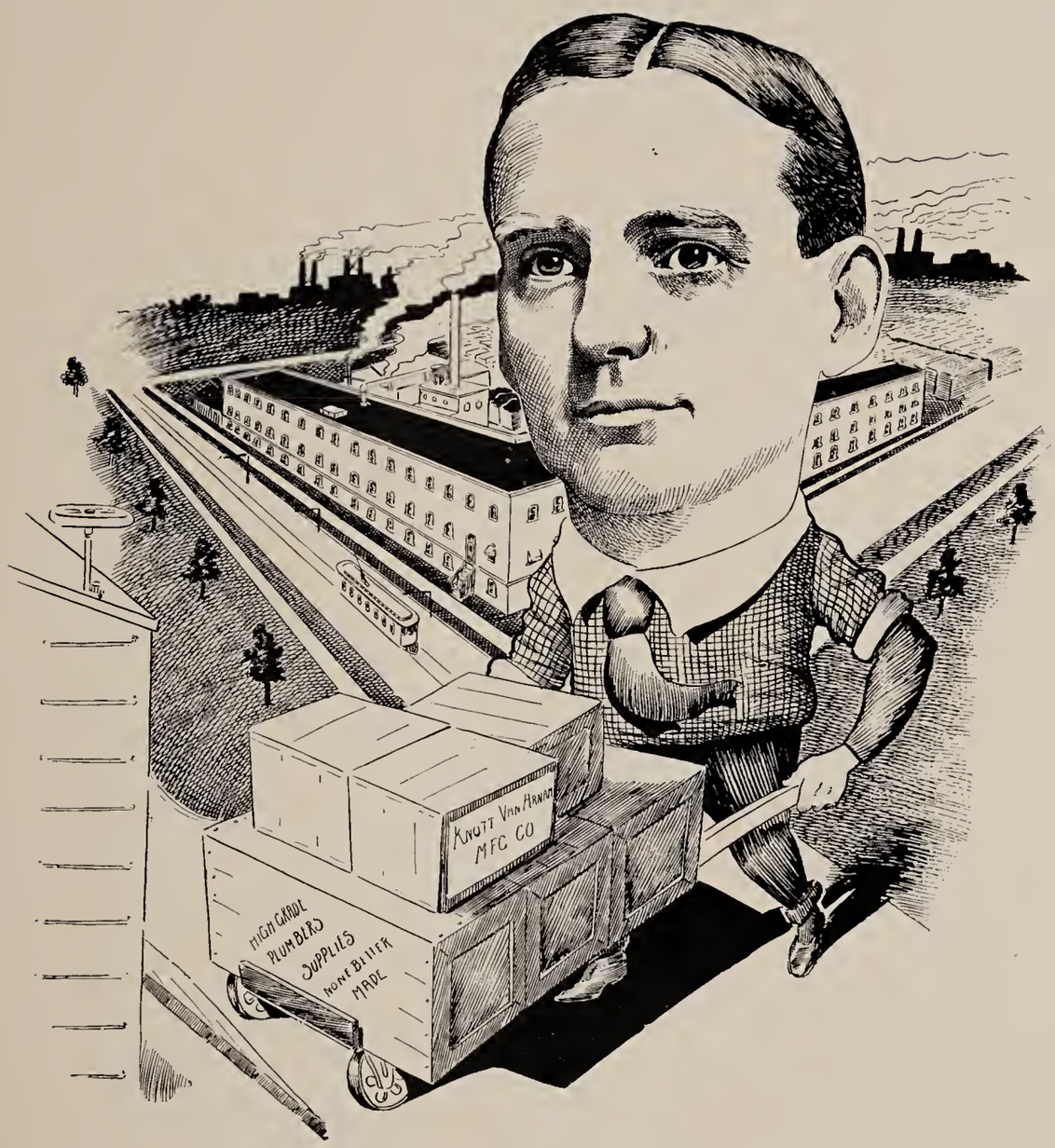
He's an orator, a scholar and a strong limb of the law;
He's illumined his profession and drunk of all its lore;
He frames his cases neatly and writes briefs without a flaw;
As for talking, he's a brother who can soar.
Just keep your eye upon him—he's a comer who will come—
And some time he will be entered in a race.
Then he'll drive like ancient Jehu; he will make his chariot hum,
For he's just about the man to set the pace.

MR. A. E. HOFFMAN.

Lumber trust don't worry him;
He just rolls logs to his big saw
And goes ahead with lots of vim
To sell it where the prices draw.
The world around his market lies,
Far over seas his products go,
His boards and beams of every size
In the world's trade channels flow.

MR. ED. F. PERRY.

Such a pretty picture as he can make of you,
Faithful every feature, every line is true;
A really "speaking likeness," the shadow almost talks.
When Perry prints your countenance 'tis only voice that balks.



MR. GEORGE H. VAN ARNAM.

If health be wealth here is the man
Who will give you all wealth galore.
Who wants sanitation will bear in mind Van
Who makes the right things in great store.

MR. W. O. GANDY.

Driving like old Jehu, but perfectly safe to ride,
As he carries his business with him to all the country side.
Safe business, safe banking, sound booming are the firm's real specialties;
And you'll go far and wide and find its fame fair and never subject to quiz.

MR. CARL YAPLE.

Looks like a childish frolic with the letters of the law—
But to him the game is serious and he builds without a flaw.
Knows his Blackstone like a primer and to clients staunch and true,
Just the man for legal roughing and he knows just what to do.

MR. VAN B. PERRINE.

Here is some forest primeval, sans the hemlocks and pines,
Van B. does business in hardwood—a chief in the hardwood lines.
His saws chew the logs into timber and the ships that sail over the seas
Bear his wares to the far-off nations, clear down to the antipodes.

MR. ALBERT C. ALTER.

Here is "the little man," and everybody knows him
And everybody likes him well, as everybody shows him.
He has comfort for your bitter spells and solace for your leisure,
For Al likes everybody, too,—his aim is but to please yer.

DR. GAYLORD M. LESLIE.

Mighty fine sawbones got off the track;
Pretty good bet he'll never get back.
Takes to the new line as though born to it.
And if he had been could not better do it.

MR. JOHN C. PETERS.

Here is the head and front of the greatest show on earth.
As a boomer and director can hardly estimate his worth.
When the mighty crowds assemble with the goods he's always there.
Here is health and luck to Peters of the Fort Wayne Fair.

MR. THEODORE G. SEEMEYER.

Here, you dressy dresser, and here, all you who walk,
Is a picture of some doings that have caused a heap of talk.
'Tis Teddy and his shoe mill—their beat you will not find;
And there's joy in getting to 'em—they're the home-made kind.

MR. GEORGE PANTAZIN.

Talk about your " candy kids"—they're all counterfeit,
Except the one you see right here and he is really it.
Has the things to take inside, things both cool and sweet.
A call at George's sugar shop is bound to be a treat.

MR. WILLIAM M. LEEDY.

Parties may split on the issues and set the whole nation agog
With fear that the good ship Republic will go smash in the mist and the fog.
But be calm in the midst of the outcry, here's the man who will bring you through straight,
With policies sound and unquestioned that leave you not fenceless to fate.

MR. WILLIAM C. RASTETTER.

Around the globe his products go, to every clime and land,
From Greenland's ice cream mountain to India's coral strand;
Where'er a cyclist straddles wheel he rides a Fort Wayne rim.
Rastetter heads the business, its success is due to him.

MR. JOHN N. PFEIFFER.

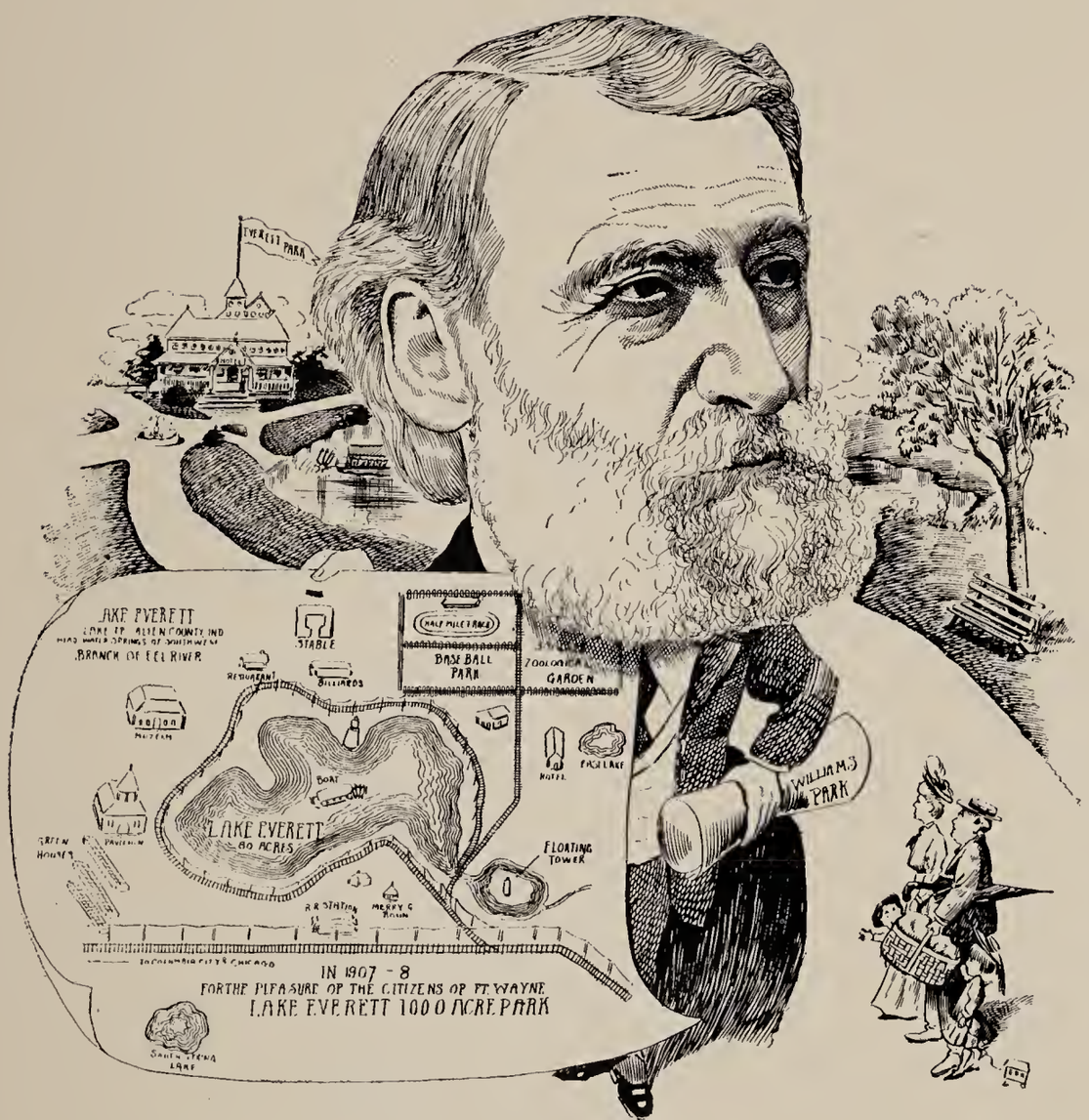
The driver of the Pony and he drives him everywhere;
And wherever smokers smoke the best you'll find the Pony there.
John's pride and pet's the Pony, but every kind and brand
Of smokes from the Pony smoke works the hardest test will stand.

MR. E. GREGG DAVIS.

If old John Dee persisted in owning all the earth,
And were hunting for a handy man to buy it,
All the way from the poles to the equator's girth,
Here's the man who'd get the job to go and try it.

MR. A. D. CRESSLER.

If the man in the cart had made the machine
He would motor with gas, not with gasoline.
While he does a light business all over the land,
Its volume's not light, as you'll all understand.
From ocean to ocean, from gulf to seas saltless,
K. M. systems are lighting with glow that is faultless.



MR. HENRY M. WILLIAMS.

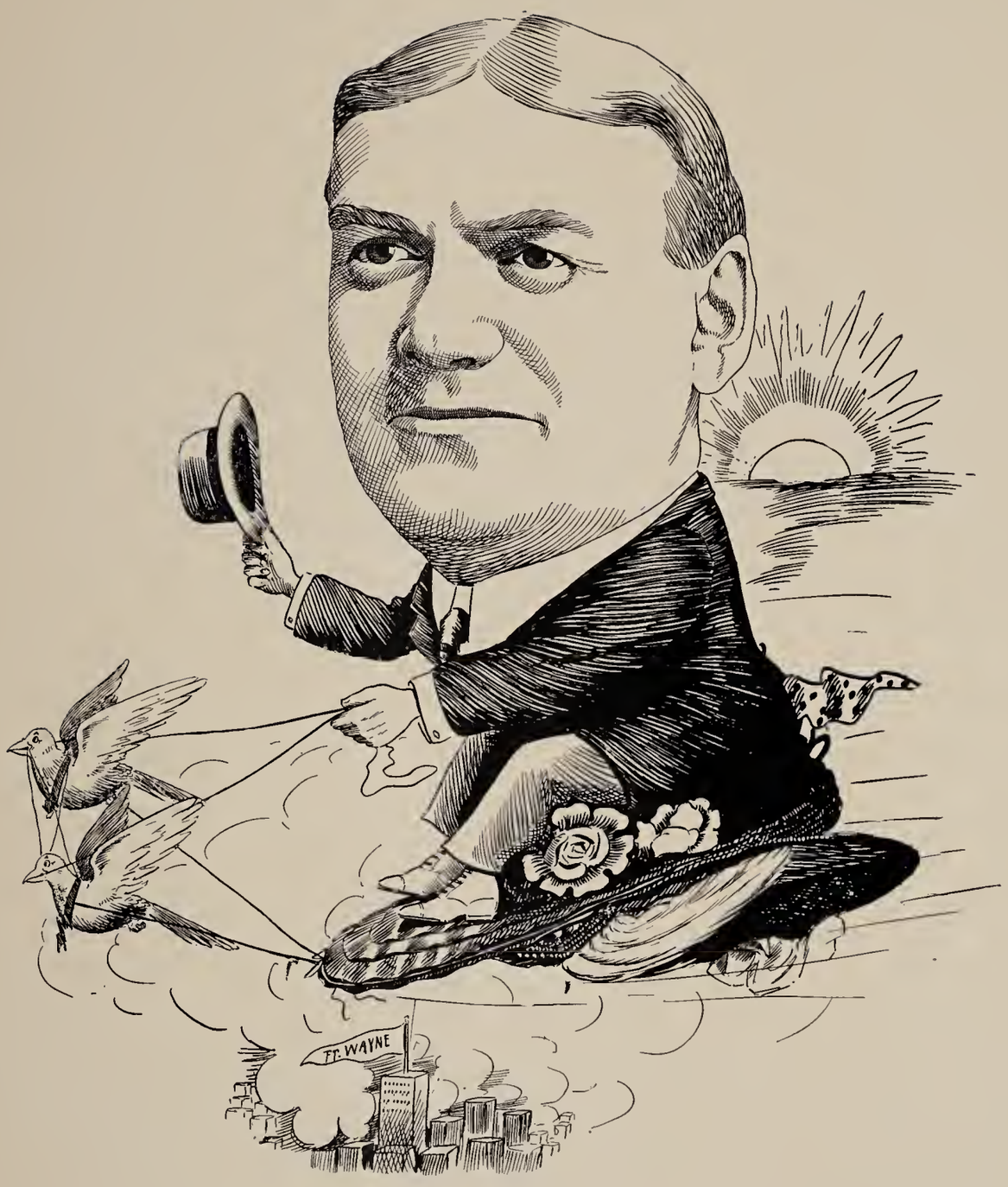
Big man behind big enterprise,
To give the people pleasure
Where cool waves roll and zephyrs rise—
A most praiseworthy measure.
Just goes ahead to make it go,
Without noise and without fuss—
Here's hoping for the proper show,
For it looks good to us.

MR. FRANK W. EDMUNDS.

The handy man with electric things—
From lighting a house to a fan that sings,
From a fire alarm to a sign with a flare,
Or an up-to-the-minute burglar scare,
Buttons with buzzers and buttons with bells—
All things the mysterious stuff propels
Are tame to the touch of his wizard hand,
And hump themselves to mind his command.

DR. W. O. GROSS.

When Dr. Gross isn't mixing pills
And other things to cure man's ills
The hospice just across the way
Engages him by night or day;
Also along the upward route
Helps the young idea to shoot.



MR. CHARLES T. PIDGEON.

Of feathers and of bows,
Of flowers, of furbelows,
And other things of fancy most distracting,
His wholesale headgear store
Has a stock of styles galore
To please ladies who have tastes the most exacting.

MR. WILLIAM J. LENNART.

Not just the sort of weather to be discussing fire,
And allusions to caloric may provoke your savage ire;
But the fire-fiend gets no lay-off, no vacation time has he.
You can surely hand it to him with a Lennart policy.

HELLER'S
ABSTRACT
OFFICE
HOW MANY MORE MILES LONG WILL THIS ABSTRACT BE?
WEST 10 FT. OF LOT NO.
AND LOT NO. 35 SUBDIVISION
1, 2, 3, AND 4 OF THE

MR. JOHN C. HELLER.

If you would chase a title to the place where it was born,
If you would pursue a patent to its lair,
Here's a busy sleuth who'll help and for trouble show a scorn,
While he'll frame your abstract with the greatest care.

MR. HENRY ECKART.

Takes the pretty steerlets and cunningest of calves,
And eke the lambs and chicklets in wholes and fourths or halves
And runs 'em through the feed works as clean as clean can be
Then packs 'em fine and fancy for the whole countree.

MR. GEORGE W. BEERS.

A great deal like magic may seem his great success—
He's done wonders in his line and does 'em yet;
But the reason's clear as ether and leaves no ground to guess,
For he wants what he goes after and he never fails, you bet.
He plays the game upon the square with no purpose to deceive;
He has aided public progress; he has pushed good things along;
He has nothing under cover, he has nothing up his sleeve;
He's a boomer of the "live ones" and his judgment's never wrong.

MR. M. S. MAHURIN.

When it comes to frozen music here's an artist who congeals it,
He is boss of high-class concord and the harmonies divine.
When he gives a masterpiece the multitude all feels it,
For they like Mahurin's music and it certainly is fine.

MR. LUTHER H. KEIL.

All right to hang up some pictures on cherishing memory's walls,
But 'twill joy you a heap—and are easy to keep—if hung in your parlors and halls.
And back of the pictures is paper—if you want it all done with high art,
Why, here is the artist to do it—up to you to give him a start.

MR. GEORGE JACOBS.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To heal the pangs in minds that need healing.
This master of melody ranks with the best
And makes music throb with great feeling.
A good man to see about the art divine
And devices for producing sounds harmonic,
For he keeps them on hand in a most entrancing line.
He's a doctor on all matters that are tonic.

PROF. THOMAS L. STAPLES.

Teaches the idea how to shoot,
Shows it how to hit the mark;
Runs a school of high repute—
One from which you can embark
Sure to voyage o'er life's sea
Of business most successfully.

MR. FRED C. PARHAM.

May set the city folks to guessing what it is,
But the rosy dairymaid can answer every quiz.
Parham is the agent—sells such things, you know.
Find this dairy save-work everywhere you go.
Does business with the tillers all the country round;
No device the farmer needs but in his line is found.

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